MEMORIES

LUCRETIA H. UPHAM

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TO MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS

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PRELUDE

YOU ask why I waste so much time
In scribbling jingle, foolish rhyme,
Instead of deeds to bless mankind.
To you, my sympathizing friend,
The reason wherefore I will send,—
With charity your judgment blend.

One day when feeling sad and weary,
My home was desolate and dreary,
I sighed for friends to make it cheery.
I thought it may beguile the time
To try what I can write in rhyme;—
Not try to reach a height sublime,

But let a simple, tuneful lay
Like flowers and birds illume my way,
And make a brightness all the day.
Those wondrous bards that soar so high,
To emulate I will not try,—
I am content they should outvie.

I'll let my quiet, modest muse
A safe and hidden pathway choose,
No critic's eye to spoil the views.
I'll place before a friendly gaze
A glimpse of homelife's joys and ways,
That fill from morn to eve my days.

For in the quiet, lonely home,
Where once love's radiant gladness shone,
Many an hour I sit alone.
The buried hopes of by-gone years,
The doubts and cares and dismal fears,
Are not all washed away by tears.

When waves of sorrow mount on high,
When storm clouds come athwart my sky,
I need a refuge safe and nigh.
My flesh is weak, for strength I plead;
My eye is dim, I cannot read.
Where can I find the help I need?

I know that in my saddest hour,
Some hymns of praise have wondrous power,
And soothe like sunshine after shower.
Say not I'm silly, weak, and vain,
If I indulge in rhyming strain
To give surcease to morbid pain.

I know that rhyming hath a way,
Vapor and blues to drive away,
And cheery make the dullest day.
Let me write rhymes, then, if I will,
The restless nerve strings it will still,
And save, perhaps, from greater ill.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO*

ONE hundred years since Grandma stood,—
Her chosen partner by her side,
In all the grace of maidenhood
To be the Pastor's cherished bride.
With joy she hoped for coming years,
Hushed were all doubts and anxious fears,
One hundred years ago.

One hundred years, as one by one
They onward came and then were past,
Her children gathered in her home
And grasped her hand in loving clasp.
Her children's children now can dwell
On loving words those lips could tell,
One hundred years ago.

And then old age with all its care,
Its furrowed brow and tottering form,
The silver tresses in the hair;
Yet still with sweet affection warm,
The promise now fulfilled we see,
"As thy days are, thy strength shall be."

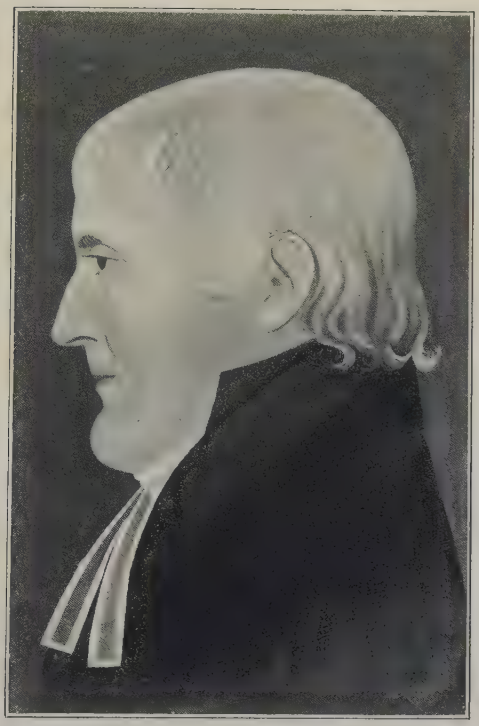
*Written for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. Joseph and Mrs Anna Pope, Oct. 9, 1877.

One hundred years of hopes and fears,
Of childhood's joys and tender care,
Labor and rest, and smiles and tears,
Deeds of mercy, words of prayer.
A never-failing fount of love
Has showered its blessing from above,
Since one hundred years ago.

One hundred years of Spring's sweet flowers,
Of Nature's gifts an endless train;
Of Summer's warmth and genial showers,
Of Autumn's golden fields of grain.
Seed time and welcome harvest home
Have never, never failed to come
Since one hundred years ago.

One hundred years! so richly fraught,
The cup with blessings running o'er;
What are the lessons we are taught
By loved ones on the shining shore?
Having with faith received the word,
They dwell forever with their Lord.

The wheels of time must onward roll,
The hour-glass lose its sand.
What will be written on the scroll
When we shall cross the strand?
Oh, may the welcome plaudit come
For each of us "Thou hast well done."
When our short race of life is run.



Rev. Joseph Pope

THE MARRIAGE

October 9, 1777

I AM no poetess, you know;
The truth of which I'll plainly show:
So please excuse my feeble rhyme,
Although I fail in tune and time.
And, cousins dear, with fancy's eye,
We'll take a look at days gone by;
The years we'll pass 'twixt now and then
We'll measure out as ten times ten.
Tenth month, ninth day, 'twixt ten and eleven
In seventeen hundred seventy-seven;
Well as I can tell will I relate
The event we now commemorate.
In Boston suburbs, near a spot
Where Cochituate then was not,
Where reservoir gives now supply
To all the region far and nigh;
Where two roads met, a farmhouse stood,
Hard by a grove of maple wood,
Which each spring yielded of its sweet
A never-failing luscious treat.
A place of beauty and of shade

Where Grandma lived for fourscore years.
Beloved by all; and through long life,
An honored mother, friend, and wife.

THE HOME

AND now we'll leave the bride
And skip a hundred years;
Look at the dear old home,—
Still pleasant it appears.
Only a few faint whisperings
Of childhood's joys and fears
Come floating down the vista
Of more than fifty years,
In which the dear old homestead
Has been a refuge sweet;
Though many of the loved ones
We here were wont to greet,
No more can gladly meet us
With welcome at the door,
They are not lost, still waiting,
They have only gone before,
And in another mansion
Prepared by Heavenly Hand
The group of sainted spirits
To greet our coming stand.
And more,— I think their presence,

Mrs. Anna Hammond Pope

Unseen by mortal eye,
Still lingers round about us,
We feel that they are nigh;
And oh, how sweet the thought,
When here our path is drear,
That Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
Still are hovering near.
We know that all these mercies
That children's children share
Are but the fruits, the blessing,
The answer to their prayer.
But we will not look with sadness
Upon the dear old spot;
Think of the joy and gladness
That here have been our lot.
Come in the house, dear friends,
Examine every nook;
The parlor, kitchen, sitting-room,—
Give each of them a look.

Look at these great big timbers,
How firm they are and sound
Though rains have poured and winds have shook,
They've bravely stood their ground.

Look at the corner cupboard,
The buffet was the name;
Yes, that is in the parlor,—

What goodies from it came!
And also a decanter,
And now and then a glass
Of home-made currant wine,
They to their friends would pass.
And I have often heard
In those days 'twas not sin
To give a brother minister
Some whiskey or some gin.

This parlor with its chairs so grand,
What wondrous doings here were planned;
The sparking done in days of old;
One lover, Gould — I'm sure not *gold*,—
Gave place unto the noble man
Who "froze his ears at Petersham."
The warmth had settled on his heart,—
From Nancy fair 'twas hard to part;
And so again in haste he sought her
And carried off the much-loved daughter.

And here again, with timid bow,
Their niece was wooed by Mr. Howe.
So shy he was, he ne'er had caught her
Had not dear Grandma helped the suitor
By telling him to tend the fire,
And she and Grandpa would retire.

One night, our Grandma not aware
There were two lovers sitting there,
Marched in the room, robed for the night,
And with a puff put out the light.
But of these loves I've said enough —
One other fellow I could puff,
But modesty forbids his name.
I've ne'er been sorry that he came.

Now, pass we to the sitting-room,
  Ah! this was the true home;
Around its bright and cheerful hearth
  Parents and children come.
The echo from the corner
  Where stood our Grandsire's chair,
His palsied arm supported
  While he engaged in prayer.
Then in the southeast corner,
  With each returning day
For ninety years the good old clock
  Has ticked the hours away.
Ah! many a tale that clock could tell,
It strikes again, yes, all is well.

Now come into the kitchen and only raise your
  eye;
From those strong hooks some poles were hung
Where pumpkins used to dry,

And sausage links were sometimes hung.
Ah, here's the settle,— could it speak,
What tales of bygone days, 'twould squeak.
The same old hinges raise the lid;
That's where young Charles his "Chipperal"
hid,
Which puss had seized with vengeful claw
And Charlie snatched it from her paw.

Those posts so near the wood-room door,
A roller towel always graced.
A coffee and a pepper mill
Were on those timbers firmly braced;
I think I hear them grinding still
Though ruthless hands have them displaced.

We will not leave the kitchen
Without some words of praise
Of the large and cheery fireplace,
The pride of olden days,
When fore-stick and the back-log
On the wide hearthstone threw
A welcome warmth, a gladsome beam,
For all who near it drew.
And in the stormy winter days
It made the whole house warmer,
Sending its heat to grandma's room,
Way in the northwest corner.

Now from a small front entry,
Four steps due north to landing,
Four east, then four south, you take —
Upstairs you'll find you're standing.
And here you see the "Prophet's room,"
Where hosts of guests have slept,
Some came as though they thought grandpa
A minister's tavern kept,—
Without the pay; they were always able
To appreciate dear grandma's table.
Then doffing their best coat and gown
Sleep sweetly on her bed of down.
Grandma oft said, could we but share
Blessing vouchsafed to fervent prayer,
From that spare room a benison
To her and hers would surely come.

The study next, where grandpa wrote
That pile of sermons — shorthand note.
Where he young men prepared for college
By helping store their brains with knowledge.
Where brother ministers oft met,
Sometimes they were a jolly set;
Grandma has often told their jokes,
For ministers can sometimes hoax.
But generally they would discuss
Such subjects as predestination,
The Covenants and Catechism,

And how to save their congregation
From error, sophistry, and schism,
On which depended their salvation.
And if a brother did demur,
To that old bookcase they'd refer,
Where Hopkins, Calvin, Dr. Scott,
Told what was right, and what was not.

The other rooms let us pass by,
To tell their echoes we'll not try.
You may imagine all the joys,
The funny pranks of all those boys,
And how with mirth the rafters rung
As tales they told, or songs they sung.
We'll only take one little peep
At "Joppa's" depths so dark and deep,
Where Nancy and her Cousin Crete
When all alone they wished to sit,
Their books would read, or stockings knit.

Let us now raise the wooden latch
  And mount the garret stair
To see the ancient heirlooms
  That still are hidden there.
First — from the western window
  Behold the prospect grand;
For more than forty miles
  We view the beauteous land.

There are the distant mountains,
  Holyoke and Tom we see,
And nearer are the church spires
  Of Brookfields one, two, three.
And in this pretty village
  The difference, now and then,
Where woods and plains and valleys were,
  We see the homes of men.
There stood the old "Jenks Tavern"
  Where Washington once slept.
And there, the Sumner farm,
  A deacon he was yclept.
And there across those lots
  Lived good old Deacon White,
Grandma was called there
  Upon a stormy night.
Two men had come on snowshoes,
  They thought that death or life
Depended upon her getting there
  To help his poor sick wife;
And then upon a rough-made sled
  They drew her o'er the snow;
To every home where trouble came
  She willingly would go,
And gave a ready sympathy
With deeds of love and charity.

Now turn around once more,
And fix your gaze within;
Behold those huge pine boxes —
In other words, the "bin";
Imagine all the rye and oats
That have been stored therein;
And then those long, clean timbers
Which from the rafters swung,
In childhood's days it was the place
Where extra bedding hung.
I see e'en now, those patchwork quilts,
Those comforters so warm,
Those plaided blankets grandma wove
Of blue and yellow yarn.
You ask what that queer thing was for?
Our grandmother was skilled
In all the arts, and so each year
Choice roses she distilled.
Their parents being absent,
The boys thought 'twould be handy,
And took some nice, sweet cider
And made some cider brandy.
When from the blazing fire
They wished a shield between
Lest they their faces burned,
There is the cherry screen.
And here's the old "tin kitchen"
It now looks very big,

But in those days 'twas used to roast
Two turkeys or a pig.
And here's the ancient spinning wheel
The distaff, reeds, the "swift," the reel;
And here is some of the old loom,
'Twas taken down to give more room.
And in that corner we can scan
Ancient foot-stoves and warming pan.
And all those chests; no locks are there
To hide forever maiden fair.
Our dear old home! there's naught to hide,
No skeleton of shame or pride;
Yes, search each room, you'll find there's not
One bitter deed to mar the spot.

While virtue, faith, and hope held sway
One hundred years have passed away.
Now, from this eastern window,
Where shines the morning light,
With cherished memories of the past,
Our Muse may take her flight.
Though first, we'll look with loving eyes
Upon the tall church spire.
Within those walls God's Word was preached,
By our beloved Grandsire.
And on the hill behind the church
With stone to mark the bed,

The pastor and the people rest
Till Christ shall wake the dead.

For them no need a tear to weep,
For "He giveth His beloved sleep."
Sweet sleep! till that glad morning come
When He shall call His ransomed home;
Where neither pain nor death nor night
Can come, for Christ will be the light.
Though centuries may pass away,
To them 'twill be eternal day.

On one stone in that hallowed place,
These words of grandpa's we can trace,
"God will his chosen people save
From the dishonor of the grave,
And in a glory raise them bright
Beyond the beams of morning light."

THE CHILDREN

ONE hundred years ago,
Within the Pastor's door,
Was seen a pretty group
Of loving children four.
Bright, handsome, good, they ought to be
With the fond parents that we see.
Three noble boys, Joe, Charles, and Will;
A little sister, too,
Their childhood's pet, their pride and joy
As they to manhood grew.
We'll say of her — with love's sweet ways,
She filled a sister's place;
A daughter's, too, a friend to all,
With every maiden grace.
Can we in infancy paint the scene
Or tell the joy or woe
That thrilled those six fond, loving hearts
One hundred years ago?
We have no words, the veil is drawn
That hides from us the past,
And memory's retrospective eye
Can no bright visions cast.

We'll only tell as we were told,
Some stories of those days of old.

First — Joe, the ten-year old,
A blessing with him came;
With auburn hair, dark, hazel eyes,
He bore the father's name.
He captain was of all the crowd
On playground or in school,
And mastered Greek and Latin verbs,
And mathematic rules.
And long ere he was in his teen,
The trophies of his skill were seen.
Wheels within wheels were often found,
Trundling like magic o'er the ground;
Kites soaring high above the trees,
The windmill fluttering in the breeze;
Trip hammers, thumping night and day,
His fine inventive powers display.

The sawmill in the meadow brook;—
To make his saw, the urchin took
His mother's sharp and nice new shears,
And when she bade him bring them in
She found them spoiled from cutting tin;
She thought 'twas cause for tears,
But then the genius of the lad
Excused the deed; 'twas not as bad

As though he were on mischief bent,
It all was done with good intent;
And when she saw the sparkling eye,
And heard his merry, joyous cry,
"Hurrah! hurrah! oh, Ma! come, look
At my nice sawmill by the brook";
As she beheld the carrot slab,
The wheel turn round, she thought she had
A son whose gifts and lasting fame
Would shed a glory on the name.
One exploit of this active youth
Was how he cured an aching tooth.
No doctor in the town could draw
That painful molar from his jaw.
He found the pain and moanings deep
Banished all comfort and all sleep;
So silently at midnight hour,
He left his bed, stole out the door,
On the fast horse the bridle threw,
O'er hill and vale like Gilpin flew,
Until he reached a doctor's door
In Worcester town, twelve miles or more.
He roused the doctor with a shout,
"An aching tooth! please pull it out."
With a quietus to his pain,
He homeward sped, nor slackened rein
'Till his good steed was in his stable,
Then took his seat at breakfast table.

And when they wished to know the truth,
His pocket held convincing proof.
He from his mother had his share
Of will to do — of pluck to dare.
Had Joe his mother's skill but tried,
He would have saved that midnight ride.
Dear grandma had a hard toothache,
Two days and nights no sleep could take;
On the third day the grinding pain
Had raised rebellion in her brain.
She left the group about the fire,
To the east room she did retire,
Where hung a mirror, clear and bright,
A witness of her sorry plight.
She thought — "The glass may now reflect,
I'll go ahead, no means neglect;
To rid myself of agony
Those large strong pincers I will try."
She piled up books to proper height
On which to place her candle light.
She wiped away the blinding tears
Caused by the dreadful pain;
Those pincers took — large as sheep shears —
With her all might and main,
With strong, firm hand the tooth she drew,
Across the room the pincers threw.
Husband and daughter heard the noise,
Came in with haste to see

A blood-stained hand, a swollen face,
From aching tooth set free.

A dentist? Yes, and surgeon, too,
Necessity could bring to view.
One day when cutting beef or pork,
To have a roast or hash —
The carving knife slipped on the fork,
And made a fearful gash.
With compress tight her arm she bound
And with ten stitches closed the wound.
And having done just what was best,
Her will and nerve were glad to rest.

Here let me tell another tale
  Of grandma, quick in deed.
A setting hen came off her nest,
  She must the biddy feed.
Her work was laid aside in haste,
Needle and thread stuck in her waist,
And quickly from her busy hand
The golden corn she threw.

The thimble that she wore of brass,
From grandma's finger flew;
Before on ground the thing could drop
'Twas seized and launched in biddy's crop.
Quoth she, "That thimble I must find,

There's not a gizzard could it grind."
She seized the hen, and felt the crop
And pushed the thimble to a spot
Where she some feathers could displace;
Then deftly cut a little place,
Secured her prize, sewed up the wound;
Off flew the hen with joyful sound.
A few days after with her brood,
She clucked for different kind of food.

Although a youth brimful of fun,
A student was the eldest son.
He mastered all the needed knowledge
To be admitted to a college;
But was so young it did appear
A better plan to wait a year
Before he left his father's door
For greater learning to explore,
'Twould be as well review his rules,
And teach two terms the district school.

But Joe came in one August day
From helping rake and load the hay;
All in a panic — he had heard
Some tidings his whole being stirred.
His chum in school — his student friend,
Had changed his plans, and did intend
To enter college halls that year,

And get ahead of him, 'twas clear.
"Father," says Joe, " 'twill never do,
I must get ready, enter too.
Oh, father, mother, let me go!
I know I'm younger — but I'll show
That when it comes to work of brain,
My record shall be bright and plain."

His mother said, "Your wardrobe shows
You're destitute of proper clothes.
Your father's salary is small,
We cannot buy new clothes this fall.
In one week's time, you can't suppose
I can weave the cloth and make the clothes."
But when she heard the smothered sigh,
And saw the tear drop in his eye,
Her bright-eyed boy, her eldest son,
Her mother heart with grief was wrung.
The parents talked it o'er awhile,
And then they changed the tear to smile.

"I'll see, my boy, what can be done,
Nor will we wait to-morrow's sun.
You go to Polly Bynes and see
If she will come and spin for me.
Tell her come early in the morn.
Then take the fleece last spring was shorn
From that pet cosset fine and white,

And bring it in, 'tis clear and light.
'Tis well I can my plans complete.
And in our flock is one black sheep.
He is not sheared, you have it done
By rising of to-morrow's sun.
No dyed wool clothes can you display,
But you shall have dark iron gray.
I have a warp now in the loom,
I'll have a woof there very soon.
Then go to Abbott's fulling mill,
Down at the foot of Sumner hill,
Tell him on Thursday ready be
Eight yards of cloth to full for me."

The next day found four busy hands
Carding and spinning fine wool strands.
With nimble step Miss Polly Bynes
With whirl and whiz her locks well twined;
An even thread, strong, firm she drew,
Then through the warp the shuttle flew,
Backward and forward through the day,
And we have heard dear grandma say —
That weary hands and aching head
Were glad that night to rest in bed.
The cloth was made, it next appears
All fulled and pressed for tailor's shears.
The shining needle with its thread
With jerk and snap through fabric sped,

Soon they behold a suit well made,
And Joe's trim form in it arrayed.
And as with pride they looked him o'er
He said, "The coat our black sheep wore
For me to covet was not sin,
Good black ovis I'll love him."
The trunk was packed — good-bye was said,
To Dartmouth halls with haste he sped,
And there for his four college years,
His rank was good as his confreres.

Now we will leave the eldest son;
Let grandma with her Charles come on,
On Monday morn she filled her tub
With water hot, her clothes to rub;
Her toddling boy was near at play
With mamma dear he wished to stay
While black Naomi off did go
To take a walk with little Joe.
Just how 'twas done she could not say,
Charles had a fearful bath that day.
She heard a dash, a sudden splash,
She turned, and quicker than a flash
She drew him out, knew what to do
Ere his small clothes were heated through;
In collar band her hands did go
And he was stripped from head to toe.

God gave her strength her child to save
From lasting scars, or early grave.

This Charles grew up, tall, straight, robust,
He was the handsome boy;
A matchless rogue, up to all pranks
His mother's pride and joy.
Yet still I think he grave could be,
He read the Bible at her knee,
From Genesis he went through straight
Before his years had numbered eight.
He was the chap that slyly took
The grasshoppers to church
And sent them jumping from his hand
On the deacon's head to perch.

He was the boy to set the snare
  For partridge and for quail;
That caught the fish and picked the nuts,
  And filled the berry pail.
And when one day, he'd treed his game
  And placed his dog below,
He hastened home to get a coal
  To make the old gun go.
A better gun he soon obtained,
  His prowess oft he tried;
With flesh and fish from wild woods brought,
  The larder was supplied.

Here let me tell an incident
Where grandma had a hand,
Obedient, good boys were they
If mother did command.
One calm and quiet Sunday morn,
She went her fowls to feed;
An ugly hawk came swooping down
For foul and wicked deed.
He seized a chick, she waved a stick,
He flew into a tree,
She called for Charles, her Nimrod son,
To set the captive free.
She said, "My boy, without much talk,
For 'tis the Sabbath day,
You take good aim
And shoot that hawk,
Or chickens more he'll slay."
Says Charles, "I will, you just keep still,
And see me blaze away."
The deed was done, they went to church,
She met Miss Mason on the porch,
Who said, "Now what's to pay?
The parson's son to fire a gun
Upon this holy day?"
But when she heard about the bird,
And grandma took the blame,
She praised the lad, and wished she had
A son to do the same.

Now William comes, the quiet child,
Gentle and loving, meek and mild.
No need his mother to entreat
To brush his hair, or dust his feet.
For him no pleasure in mud pies,—
But tears would flow from his blue eyes
If hands were soiled or clothes were rent.
He ne'er was caught on mischief bent.
And yet some temper we must own
Once visiting, was plainly shown,
And parson Homer's little son
Received hard blows and bitten thumb.
For when the boys retired to rest,
Will Homer said *his* prayer was best,
His father wrote it and he knew;
Will Pope said "No," it was not true,
His prayer was best, it was the Lord's;
Then followed blows from angry words.
Though guest he was, Will Pope was right,
And came off conqueror in the fight.
Of his earlier years some stories are told,
That are not spoiled by age,
Though one hundred years old.
One day in the corner, the three-year-old pet,
All crouched in a heap said "Mamma, I set."
She raised him up gently by the short dimpled arm,—
Found four small potatoes, he was keeping quite
warm,

In hope he should have the very good luck,
To hatch out some chickens, to which he could cluck.

His grandson, our Hal, has had hen fever, too,
And wondrous improvements has brought to our view,
For which he deserves a great deal of praise,
And a benefit, too, from hen fever lays;
Though I truly doubt if his great incubator,
Would ever succeed in hatching potato.
That three-year-old pet, with a year's wisdom grew,
And visions of nests were still ever in view;
He thought what a beautiful sight it would be,
A hen with her nest in the crotch of a tree.
He gathered some hay, with short sticks built a nest,
And then for his hen and her eggs made a quest.
Quickly he trotted with his little, short legs
Where biddy was sitting on a dozen of eggs.
Beneath the loose clothing of his own little breast,
He meant to transfer them to the apple-tree nest;
But, alas! for his hopes, they soon vanished all,
While climbing he slipped, on his breast had a fall,
With tears mixed with egg from his head to his toes
He hastened to mamma to tell all his woes.
She saw — and oh, horror, she thought mortal wound
Was the cause of the grief, but with gladness she found
Clean clothes and pure water restored her dear boy.

But as sorrow is always commingled with joy,
She mourned with the biddy,
While the apron she patched,
She had reckoned her chickens before they were hatched.

Will was fond of the birds, knew their names and their nests,
Could tell all their notes, and what they liked best,
And long strings of eggs were his greatest delight,
The speckled and blue, the brown and the white.
And festoons of egg shells were hung on the glass,
But the bird fancier's labors soon ended, alas!
No more searching for eggs or desire do you see,
With an egg in his mouth he slid down a tree.
This William has oft told how happy he was made,
By his first real bonafide trade.
He walked a mile one morning
Before the boys were up,—
With two coppers and a hair string,
He bought a yellow pup.
And though since then have passed away,
Fourscore ten years and more,
The scratches of that dog are seen
Upon our woodshed door.
Ah! many a relic here we prize,
Because it gladdened loving eyes.
And here we'll end the merry tales

Mrs. Pope, Ninety Years Old

Of these three gallant youth;
Though poorly written, we can claim
They have the garb of truth.
We'll only now our rhymes prolong
To tell about their gifts of song.

Charles with his fiddle and his bow,
Was welcome guest where'er he'd go;
Joseph in music kept full pace,
His forte was playing double bass;
And William's talent was not mute,
His skill was shown upon the flute.
The sister's voice, both clear and strong
Added a sweetness to their song.

A happy home! what hymns of praise
Six loving hearts were wont to raise.
And all those echoes of the past,
O'er the old home a glory cast,
And the dear grandsire's voice of prayer
Has left a benediction there.

WASHINGTON IN SPENCER

October 22, 1789

THE day is long past,
Far away is the scene,
But backward we'll glance,
Though years intervene.

What hopes and what fears,
What smiles and what tears,
Have filled out the cycle
Of the last hundred years.

Generations have come;
And as time onward sped,
Their course they have run,
They now sleep with the dead.

But seedtime and harvest
Each year to our land
Has been graciously dealt
By a bountiful Hand.

For His merciful gifts,
With glad hearts we raise
To our glorious Maker
Thanksgiving and praise,

And pray that His wisdom
May show us the road
And guide our weak feet,
'Till we dwell with our God.

* * * * * * * *

Our Nation's first great President,
As all the records show,
Visited New England
One hundred years ago;
Thus setting an example
To the rulers of our nation,
Which has been largely followed
By each administration.

He established here a precedent,
It would be well to mind —
He was careful of his lovely wife,
And she was left behind.
He needed not the prestige
Of her presence and her grace,
She was wise as well as beautiful
And knew her proper place.

Whene'er it was her duty
To be in public seen,
With great homage she was welcomed
As any foreign queen.
It was the month October
Of seventeen eighty-nine,
The fifteenth day, on Thursday,
"About the hour of nine."

He started on his journey,
Accompanied part way
By Hamilton and General Knox
And chief justice Mr. Jay.
When past the city's limits,
Their course they homeward turn,
With good wishes for his journey,
And a very safe return.

He had his scribes and servants,
His retinue was eight,
With horses four and chariot,—
You see he rode in state.
It was the finest carriage seen
In continental days,
On this occasion it was drawn
By four Virginia bays.

It was for Washington imported,
And was of English make;
It was a rich cream color,
And globular in shape.
Its ornaments on panel work
Resembled fairy bowers,
They were cupids each supporting
Festoons and wreaths of flowers.

The whole was well incased
In clearest crystal glass,
And was a wonder and delight,
To all who saw it pass.
His groom and stalwart coachmen,
And four outriders, too,
Were dressed in handsome livery,
Their hair worn in a queue.

On Narragansett pacers
Rode his secretaries near;
One was a Major Jackson,
And one Tobias Lear.
But Washington his own account
Freely and fully wrote,
And from his journal now and then
Some passages we'll quote.

He "met four drove of cattle,"
Well fatted, large and sound

With thirty in each drove,
For New York market bound.
The roads were rough and stony,
But the "land did freely yield
Luxuriant corn and pumpkins,
Yet ungathered in the field."

And on nearly every hillside,
He finds the farmers keep
Not only many cattle,
But "immense flocks of sheep."
He "scarcely passed a farmhouse
That did not abound in geese,"
And thirty miles he rode that day,
The wonders did not cease.

He dined at Kingsbridge with one Hoyatt,
And as the eve drew nigh
They reached the "neat and decent inn"
Of Mrs. Haviland at Rye.
On Friday morn, through rough Horse-neck,
Six miles, up hill and down,
Then six miles more ere they partook
Breakfast in Stamford town.

To Norfolk ten, to Fairfield twelve,
And here, he speaks of finding
The farmers busily employed

In apple gathering; grinding
And pressing out the rich, clear juice
For winter's cheer, and housewife's use.
From here, he says, "the chief export
Is horses, cattle, beef, and pork."

He passed the night at Fairfield;
Rose early in the morn,
And breakfasted at Stratford,
Some ten miles farther on.
And here the happy people made
"Effort to honor with parade."
Three miles to Milford village,
West Haven he passed through,
Arriving at New Haven
Before the hour of two.

He dined and heard addresses
From the clergy of the place,
And committee of assembly,
Who did his escort grace.
It was here he spent the Sabbath,
That day, with reverent mien,
Twice in the house of God
His noble form was seen;
The governor and noted men
Escorting him each time;

Then by his invitation
These worthies with him dine.

On Monday morn, the nineteenth,
At early dawn of day,
By cavalry escorted,
He started on his way.
Rode thirteen miles to Wallingford,
They reached at half past eight,
With an appetite for breakfast,
Of which they there partake.

They took a walk about the place,
See "mulberry grown from seed,"
For the greedy silk worms that they raise
With white mulberry leaves they feed.
Then Middletown and Wethersfield,
Where there was great display
Of citizens to honor him,
Escorting all the way.

To Hartford, where he passed the night,
Left after ten next day,—
He wished to leave at early morn
But rain caused great delay.
The woolen factories at this place
With pleasure he did view;
Ordered some broadcloth for a suit,

Some cloth for servants, too;
A kind I think the present day
Makes no great effort to display,
But at that time acquired a fame
For "everlasting" was the name.

The morning rain had made the roads
Muddy and hard to travel o'er;
Windsor and Enfield he pass'd through,
Reached Springfield, glad to stop, at four.
As on the conquering hero came,
Booming of guns the fact proclaim.
Here on the hill above the town
Were buildings which the nation owned.
Here continental stores he viewed,
And found them kept in order good;
Powder and balls, muskets, and guns,
In case of need to arm her sons.

October twenty-second
Of seventeen eighty-nine,
From Springfield unto Spencer;
It was a day so fine,
Although a century ago,
Its radiance still doth shine.
It was glorious Indian summer,
And the foliage by the road
With colors of the rainbow
In gorgeous beauty glowed.

Each brook did sing a pæan,
All nature seemed to raise
In sweet harmonious music
Songs of exultant praise.
And our nation's noble ruler
In every little thing
Discerned the wisdom and the power
Of his Almighty King.

The day was full of beauty;—
We find he noted down
The impression he received
Of every little town.
We can only give in general way
Account of what he saw that day.
I wish his journal all might read —
He nothing lost worthy of note,
But to advantage used his eyes
And full account of all he wrote.

He there describes the average farm,
The style of fences by the way,
And how the horse and oxen worked
Which "had no other feed but hay."
How many churches in each town,
Whether or not they had a steeple;
How many mills and factories;
The number, he should judge, of people;

And that there seemed few opulent,
  And none he would consider poor;
While honest ways and good intent
  Their happiness and peace secure.

The general fashion of the house,—
  They "showed a great similitude,"
With "one large chimney, stone or brick";
  The building, chiefly made of wood,
Thirty to fifty feet in length;
  Entry and stairway, which divide
The parlor from the living room,
  A kitchen and an L beside.

But you've all seen just such a house,—
  There's one just like it on the hill;
As Washington then saw it,
  You can see it standing still.
But I am traveling on too fast;
  His chariot wheels we see
Are drawing near to Brookfield,—
  I think there then were three.

He came to Brookfield town
  Hoping to pass the night;
But good old Mrs. Bannister
  Was in a sorry plight;
She had a dreadful headache,

The landlord was from home,
She thought 'twas from a college,
A president had come.

And so without inquiry
She sent the message down,
"She could not well accommodate
He must go to the next town."
But when a little later
And he had passed from sight,
She heard 'twas General Washington
Who wished to pass the night,—

With sorrow and dismay
And great chagrin she said;
"Bless me! one look at that good man
Would have cured my aching head."
We thank old lady Bannister
And will prize her memory
For letting our first President
Try Spencer's hospitality.

The messenger in haste rode on
To announce the coming guest,
For cool and chilly was the air,
The sun low in the west.
His ride that day was forty miles —
He surely needed rest.

And Spencer was the proper town,
The apex of his tour;
Of Worcester county it's the hub,—
Or ought to be we're sure.

Her seven grand hills are higher land
Than any town can show
On what was called the "old post road
To Springfield" years ago.
And going east it's just the same.
There's less uphill than down
To go by rail or go by road
Till you reach Boston town.

The glory of the setting sun
Upon these grand hills shone;
And as the horseman came in sight
And made his errand known,
Good Landlord Jenks with courtesy
And ready speech replied,
"An honor to this house 'twould be
If they would there abide."

And then in haste he gave commands
To servants, children, all,
Michael and Lydia, Isaac, John,
Soon answered to his call.
Quickly the parlor fireplace

A cheerful blaze did show,
Its andirons of polished brass
Reflect the ruddy glow;
Its huge armchairs inviting stood,
The weary guest to charm,
Its mantel trimmed with golden-rod,
And gentian, phlox, and balm.

And Madam Jenks in her best cap
Was very soon arrayed,
Lydia, and Hannah, charming girls,
Their Sunday garb displayed;
And baby Otis, six months old,
In embroidered robe was dressed,
For all desired to honor give
And do their level best.

Now Landlord Jenks was keen and bright,
For wit had great renown;
Three years in legislative halls
Did represent the town,
Had converse held with learned men
Who wore powdered wig and gown
And therefore could with courtly grace
Welcome the travelers to the place.

Isaac and John, the landlord's sons,
Soon spread the news around,

And every crony in the place
Within an hour was found.
The three Pope boys, Joe, Charles, and Will,
Joe Mason, Nathan White,
The Muzzy boys, Sardine and John,
Each had the word that night.

Good Landlord Jenks a messenger
Unto the pastor sent,
Thinking that he might wish to call
On our first President.
The minister was very glad
A welcome to extend;
For General Israel Putnam
Was to each a well-loved friend;
To Washington an ally he,
Whose prowess oft was tried,
To Mr. Pope made relative
By Hannah Pope, his bride.

Now Parson Pope was loyal man
And had as chaplain served
To Spencer's forty minute-men
Who ne'er from duty swerved;
But April nineteenth, seventy-five,
Their country's call obey
For eight months' service in the ranks,
To Cambridge marched that day.

And some of them we know did fill
A patriot's place at Bunker Hill.
The noble general they had seen
Review his troops at Cambridge green.
Longfellow's house in Cambridge then
Was his headquarters, near his men.
The travelers, their day's journey o'er,
Did ample justice to the store
Of wholesome food and viands sweet,
A well-cooked culinary treat;
For Madam Jenks, good, thrifty soul,
  Her larder kept well stored
With flesh and fowl and potted meats,—
  She had an ample hoard.

Such flaky pastry, apple, mince,
  And pumpkin pie and cheese,
With cake and tarts and quince preserve,
  Would any palate please;
And fragrant coffee, rich with cream,
  And good old Bohea tea,—
She always kept a canister
  For her choice company.

And then her bread, both brown and white,
  It was so nice and sweet,
Our nation's first great President
  Did compliment the treat.

And Mistress Jenks with harmless pride,—
She was both wise and dutiful,—
Would oft repeat his pleasant words,
"Madame, your bread is beautiful."

And that spare room with bed of down,
And linen white as snow,
Acquired a grandeur on that night,
A century ago,
Which fourscore years, though many hosts
Its open door had kept,
That room, was always known as one
Where Washington had slept.

Refreshing sleep, a quiet night
In our clear bracing air;
The General wakened with the light,
The day was bright and fair.
And here he did a different way
From what he'd done before.
He liked Dame Jenks' bread so well
He wished to have some more;
And said, "We'd better here abide,
While they our breakfast can provide."

We wish to emphasize in song,
At but one place he stopped as long,
Excepting where he spent the Sunday,

And then he left ere breakfast, Monday.
But here, to be historian true,
I'll tell what he had planned to do:
Remain at Brookfield Thursday night,
Arriving here at morning light;
Breakfast, and rest an hour or two.
Refreshed, his journey then pursue.

The President that Friday morn
  Was loath to go away;
So restful was his sojourn here.
  He would gladly longer stay.
No "effort" here the people made
  To honor him with great parade,
He liked the quiet, simple way
  Our townsmen their respect did pay.

In fancy's eye we see that Inn;
  A grand old elm stood near the door,
A grateful shade for man and beast,
  Friendly alike to rich and poor;
From the huge branches which o'erhung
The path, a sign-board gently swung;
By the same zephyr all the trees
Wafted a matin in the breeze.

Here stood our first chief magistrate,
Our Washington, wise, good, and great;

First in all hearts, through our wide land
His memory ever to abide,
First in war, and first in peace,
Our nation's hope and joy and pride;
His manly form, tall, nobly built,
His calm, attentive, thoughtful mien;

Always polite and dignified,
And to be loved, need but be seen.
When on that morn a little band
Of citizens respectful stand,
He gave each hand a friendly clasp,
Which was returned with hearty grasp.
Their grateful hearts obeisance pay,
And watch his chariot roll away.

The village boys kept with him still,
And follow him quite up the hill,
And with another smile are paid;
For here his chariot wheels are stayed
While he can take another view
Of the charming country just passed through.
Forty miles west they plainly see
Mount Tom and Holyoke clear and free,

And to the north the sun's bright rays
Lighted Monadnock for his gaze.
And north by east some eighteen miles,

He saw our own Wachusett smile,
He turned and said, "I like it well,
A charming place for man to dwell."
And this is all that's noted down
About that visit to our town.

The theme deserves a poem fine,
I give you only simple rhyme;
I'll let some abler pen relate
His journey through the old Bay State.
Of all the pomp and great parade
Her citizens so gladly made,
One says this presidential tour
"Was one prolonged triumphal march,
Unparalleled in history,"
By the great man who won all hearts.

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE

THAT Old Red Schoolhouse, well do I remember,
For there my youthful hours I whiled away;
Within its walls, with books and slate so busy,
Without the door, with schoolmates dear at play.

Each spot within to memory still how dear,
The desk so large at which the teacher sat,
With rule and rod that made us quake with fear,
With nail above, for bonnet or for hat.

For largest scholars thirty desks were seen,
And ten low benches for the smaller fry;
And windows eight, not always whole or clean,
But up so high they kept out curious eye.

The stove at which in winter I would linger,
The blackboard, where my spirits oft did fail;
The shelf beside the door, for books and dinner,
The place for dipper and the water pail.

And those long noonings I can ne'er forget,
Or the stone houses where I often played;

Nor yet the pastures where for flowers and berries,
With my loved schoolmates I so oft have strayed.

The spring so prized with clearest water gushing,
The hill down which I've had full many a slide,
The brook through field and meadow ever rushing,
The pond o'er which the skater used to glide.

The sawmill and the cottage standing near it,
The worthy owner, oft I've heard him cry
As we through fields of grass and grain were scudding,
To "leave my clover," or "get out that rye."

That old Red Schoolhouse, now it stands deserted,
About its door no children heard at play,
The brook, the spring, the playhouse all neglected,
The building now fast passing to decay.

Yet still I love it, and I fain would linger
O'er each familiar scene to memory dear,
For those loved schoolmates, some I'll wish all blessings,
O'er graves of others shed the mourner's tear.

AN IDYL OF SPENCER

SPENCER is a goodly town,
And boasts of many Hills
And Temples fair that meet the view,
And Rivers, Springs, and rills;
And though no bold and rockbound coast,
With ships in all their glory,
Our inland town can ever boast,
All know we are quite Shorey.
Moreland we have than many towns,
And Howland lies to sight,
I'll show there's Forests, Wood, and Marsh,
And some that surely Wright.
Several acres claimed by Stone,
Some always held by Snow;
A varied scene of charming Greens,
With Bushes we can show.
Our Ames are high, I think aspire
High as the "Sun," perhaps some higher;
And lower down upon the street,
Another Ames to clothe our feet.
There's some that surely would Bemis(sed)
Should we their presence lose
But Bemis(s) always to remain,

None of our girls would choose.
There are of Prouty and of Grout,
More than a hundred here about.
From our jingle we would not leave them out.
But a "double entendre," on either name
Is a puzzle too great for any brain.
We also claim within our town
The good old names Smith, Jones, and Brown.
A Butler and a Baker have
Like Pharaoh of old.
And Coffee, Fish, and Berrys fine,
A Cook will serve if told.
Early, Porter, Pippin, too,
With Baldwin, Russett, brought to view.
And Holmes,— to furnish bound and guard
We have our Lyndes and Barrs, and Ward.
A Peacock owns a little farm,
His residence doth vary;
We also have of other Birds,
A Martin and Canary.
We have our Lyon and our Lamb,
A little Ladd can lead;
And have our Bacon and our Greens
The multitude to feed.
We have our Starrs to give us light;
Our colors cannot fade,
For we can always keep them bright,
Good Dyers we have to aid.

We have our Barnes, and have our Halls,
We have our Bells and have our Balls.
Many Riches, many Towers,
Lords and Kings and other Powers;
A Pope and Prince we also claim,
And many another worthy name.
Of our Comins and our goings
If you some more would see
I refer you to the Town Report
For eighteen seventy-three.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS*

LISTEN mothers, listen daughters,
While I tell a little story,—
Story of the ways and doings
Of fourscore years of love and labor
In our goodly town of Spencer,
Spencer — hub of Worcester County.

On a warm and pleasant May day,
Day of bright skies, birds, and blossoms,
Herald of the coming summer,
Twenty fair and blooming maidens,
Pride of fathers, mothers, brothers,
All the beauty of our village;
Feeling need of greater knowledge,
Met to seek and plan together
How to make themselves more learned
In the wisdom of the sages,
By the books of famous authors;
One to read aloud, while others
Skillfully did ply their needles
Working for the poor and needy,
Working for the foreign missions.

*Written for the eighty-first anniversary of The Ladies' Charitable Society of the Congregational Church, Spencer, formed May, 1821.

And that all be done in order,
Rules they made by which to guide them.
Rule first — was from the Bible read
Psalm or chapter at each meeting,—
These fair maids by word and deed
King Lemuel's advice were seeking.
What books, you ask, by them were read?
Books helping heart and helping head.
From Milton, with his sightless eyes,
"Paradise Lost" and then "Regained,"
And Scott's fair "Lady of the Lake,"
Many swift hours attention claimed;
Bunyan's Dream, the "Pilgrim's Progress,"
Through treacherous sloughs his feet did tread
Until he reached Celestial City,
By Greatheart and by Faithful led.
Of Richard Baxter's "Saints in Bliss,"
Who gained an "everlasting rest";
Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice,"
And Isaac Watts gave of his best;
From Mrs. Edgeworth many a tale,
And Goldsmith's "Hermit of the Dale."
Read of the girl who found it trying
To eat "Potted Sprats" in "Mrs. Opie, on Lying."
When that year closed the mission party
From twenty had increased to forty.
Another year a change was made
And married ladies joined the ranks;

Home missions claimed their prayers and aid,
These services were paid by thanks.

Two years had fled, with hearts enlarged,
They gave a helping hand
And said, "One mission be our charge,
A mission in our western land."
For Mr. Hitchcock took away
Sophronia Sumner from their band,
To Indian tribes to bear the Word,
Extend the kingdom of our Lord;
And to the place Sophronia went,
Each of twelve years a box was sent.

Some names those old-time maidens bore
Are altered since those days of yore.
Miss Abigail — as Nabby shone,
Margaret as Peggy then was known;
Susanna, Sukey — now called Sue,
And Becca is both old and new.
Diantha Jane was very fine,
With Betsey, Polly, Clementine.
Then the long name Tryphenia
To match Miss Diademia.
Ruth, Sybil and fair Dorothy,
Meet Prudence, Mercy, Charity.
But I must stop or come to grief
With Grace, Experience, and Relief.

In those days the married ladies
Wore lace caps or wondrous turbans,
Wore fine caps with buds and roses;
While the spinsters, to look younger,
Wore side puffs and large high shell combs;
One wore two, she always took them
In a large two-lidded basket.
Then they wore immense high bonnets
Made of handsome navarino,
Or of straw that they called Tuscan;
Embroidered veils, a full yard square,
To screen them from the sun and air;
They sometimes wore a green calash
Lest they their pretty caps might smash.
Hoop skirts and cashmere shawls were seen,
And handsome gowns of bombazine;
French calico and lovely curls
Were called high style by all the girls;
But half the change in women's dress
In eighty years, who can express?

What did these mothers talk about?
'Twas harmless gossip I've no doubt;
To neighbors' failings they were blind,
For charity suffereth long, is kind.
If any accident befell
A neighbor, they would surely tell,
And give a ready sympathy —

With deeds of love and charity.
They talked about home cares and life,
Which always pleased the faithful wife;
Gave recipes for making cake
And told how long to let it bake.
Had Tom repented of his sins?
Had Mrs. W. named her twins?
Had Sally Blank become quite blind?
And forty questions of that kind.
The younger maids would want to know
What youth got mitten, what girl a beau.

Let me name some old-time places
Where they met and worked together.
In the outskirts of the village,
We'll begin at eastern border.
Met with Mrs. Samuel Adams,—
Better known as Margaret Adams,
Near where "Arctic Spring" is famous;
Jerry Watson's, Deacon Proctor's,
Henry Eames'; then to the northward
Was Charles Watson's, on the road to Ziba Eaton's;
Then Isaac Lamb, known as the father
Of one and twenty living children,
Yet still had bread enough to spare
For ladies who could gather there.
Then with good Mrs. Joel Wright
They always stopped till candle light.

Now from Wire village we will go
Until we meet with Eber Snow.
Foster Bisco then comes on,
With Hills,— one known as Washington.
Harvey Prouty's open door,
Followed by Daniel Whittemore.

Now for the south side please look out,
We'll meet with Mrs. Lory Grout;
At Ephraim Wheelock's next we come,
No Sunday storm kept him at home.
A crowd to William Baldwin's came —
And other places I could name;
And in our village I would guess
Were twenty places, more or less.

When at the different farms they met
Were often found a jolly set;
Two-seated wagons took them there,
Held four or six, no room to spare,
But with a good old steady horse
No one was frightened, no one cross.
Quite as much sewing was not done
When these staid women had such fun;
For instance — two sew seam of sheet,—
Commence each end, expect to meet,
But tongue and needle both did wag
So fast, they found they'd made a bag!

Boy's trousers two were told to sew,—
For the same leg their work did show;
And sometimes, too,— 'twas awful shocking,
The foot did have to shape the stocking.

What do you think they had for supper?
One kind of cake and bread and butter.
Tea, good apple sauce and cheese,
Never failed the guests to please.
In later days I have to say
They've done a very different way.
And feel that they must load the table
With everything that they are able;
With ham, pressed beef, baked beans, and tongue,
And cake of which great praise is sung.
Salads and oysters,— turkey, too;
Pickles and fruit are brought to view;
Good tea and coffee, and all feel
For fifteen cents, a big square meal.
But you are welcome every one
So do not hesitate to come.
Yet still I wish you to believe
We are always ready to receive,
And be the talent one or ten
It will return to you again.
Two generous donors we can thank
For fifteen hundred in the bank.

Let me close by giving honor
To those generous-hearted women
For their eighty years of labor.
Please to think of all the boxes,
All the bundles, and the barrels,
Filled by them for needy missions;
Boxes to the Indian stations,
Where they labored for the red man,
Then to southern states for freedmen;
For orphans' and for sailors' home
Appeals for help did often come.
The strong, great cry that touched the heart
Was when our soldier boys had part,
And the brave men from our good town
To southern battle fields marched down.

Now think of all these noble mothers,
Some of them here and some at rest,
Four generations! may their daughters
Now arise and call them blest.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SPENCER, MASS.

1753–1903

GOD of our fathers, we would raise
Our songs to Thee in grateful praise;
For blessings Thou hast handed down,
Fathers to sons, upon our town.
To childhood, youth, and full-grown men,
Of golden years, seven score and ten,
Since our good town could truly claim
The right to Spencer's honored name.

We also thank for that bright store
Which Old Time had given before;
When pilgrims brave, a noble band
Of white men, bought the Indian's land.
Seven grand old hills these fathers found
And made the woodman's axe resound;
And homes were built, and gathered there
Were stalwart sons, and daughters fair.

We thank Thee for continued good,
Guarding from peril, fire, and flood;

We thank Thee for that wondrous love,
With church spires pointing up above.
For future years we humbly crave
Thou wilt our town and people save.
God of our fathers, guide us yet,—
'Lest we forget,' lest we forget."

TO S. A. N.

January 17, 1882

IN eighteen twenty-seven I ween,
First month of year, day seventeen,
Of years ago, say five and fifty,—
Old Boreas' blasts did fiercely blow
And piled up high great drifts of snow,—
Occurred the facts of this my ditty.

Upon this blustering winter day
A new-born baby safely lay
Upon a precious mother's arm;
With joy she pressed it to her breast,
Closed her tired eyes and sunk to rest,
With grateful heart secure from harm.

The eldest daughter, eight years old,
Had to her little brother told
A wondrous tale — that from above
The Father God, who lived in Heaven,
Had now another sister given,
For them to play with and to love.

Lucretia and Sarah Pope

Good Lydia Hall with tender care,
Had taken Cretie up the stair
  And tucked her safe in bed;
Yet still Miss Cretie had to weep,
With mamma dear she could not sleep,—
  "Nose out of joint," they said.

Dear grandmama had said good night,
And taken Joseph, her delight,
  Because he bore our grandsire's name;
Father had covered up the fire,
And was just ready to retire,
  When his olfactory nerve became

Excited by a smell of smoke.
Then round the house he 'gan to poke
  To find the cause, the where, and why;
With hasty steps went here and there,
And as he mounted up the stair,
  The place he did descry.

Thankful was he 'twas found so soon;
The fire was in dear mother's room,
  Beneath the hearth 'twas found;
Mother and babe were soon conveyed
To downy bed and gently laid
  Where all was safe and sound.

With anxious heart lest the alarm
Should do our precious mother harm,
  Aunt Isabel with haste and fear
Herself half clad, with flying feet,
The neighbors' aid did soon entreat
  And brought them quickly here.

The smoky signal then was traced,
A board and bricks were soon displaced,
  Revealing smothered fire.
With water soon it was allayed,
Its horrid ravages were stayed,
  And neighbors kind retire.

And thus it was our Sarah came,
'Mid storm and wind, and smoke and flame;
  A baby sweet to dwell.
Fifty-five years have passed away
Since that cold, stormy winter day
  And she is here the tale to tell.

The grand, old house stands firm to-day
Though many homes have passed away
  A prey to fire and flood.
But the dear parents, loved so well,
In other mansions safely dwell
  With the Great Giver of all Good.

AUNT ISABEL

WHO was it held me when a babe,
Lest harm should come was much afraid,
And on my cheek sweet kisses laid?
Aunt Isabel.

Who was it in my toddling days
Watched me with care and taught me plays,
And thought I had such winning ways?
Aunt Isabel.

Who was it dressed me up so neat
And said that I was very sweet
And led me dear papa to meet?
Aunt Isabel.

Who was it nicely sewed my frocks
And knit for me such pretty socks
And taught me A B C from blocks?
Aunt Isabel.

Who bore with me, a wayward child,
Loved me and spoke in accents mild,

When I was giddy, rude, and wild?
Aunt Isabel.

And when I lost my dear Mamma
And went to live with good Grandpa,
Who gave to me an Uncle Starr?
Aunt Isabel.

Who, as the years went rolling by,
With pleasure sang sweet lullaby
To children three, John, Mary, Ki?
Aunt Isabel.

Who was it kept an open door,
Ready to labor for the poor,
And share with them her little store?
Aunt Isabel.

Who bowed her widowed head in grief,
Her married life had been so brief,
And looking heavenward found relief?
Aunt Isabel.

Who much of pain and sorrow knew,
And as her children older grew
Was puzzled to know what to do?
Aunt Isabel.

But found His love was over all,
Who watches e'en a sparrow's fall,
And daily for His aid did call,
Aunt Isabel.

Who now, her threescore ten are past,
Can on the Lord her burden cast,
Assured of His "Well done" at last,
Aunt Isabel.

TO MRS. M. W. W.

MY mother's friend, my own kind friend,
I cheerfully obey,
And cordial greetings I extend
On this your natal day.

With happy years fourscore and four,
A long and well-spent life,
You've counted all your blessings o'er
As maiden, mother, wife.

As child, bereft in early years
Of mother's watch and love,
But safely kept through doubts and fears
By wisdom from above.

As maiden, well you bore your part,
And songs of grateful praise
With him who won from you your heart,
Your lips were wont to raise.

In memory's eye I see you now;
I'm sure that God was praised,
When hymns of Watts, to Mason's tunes,
Those thirty voices raised.

I know within my childhood's heart,
There was a strong desire,
To grow in stature, take a part
In that same village choir.

But they are gone, their work is done,
All earthly cares are past;
Those eyes are closed, those lips are dumb,
But memory holds them fast.

The years have fled, but not in vain
The lessons they have taught;
That joy and grief, that loss and gain,
Have been with blessings fraught.

But still your years were numbered on,
With mercies great were strewn;

A Heavenly Father's watchful care,
  On all your pathway shone.

As faithful wife, in household ways,
  Your friends your worth confessed;
You gained a noble husband's praise,
  Your children called you blessed.

As mother, oh how sweet the name!
  One treasure safe above,
Four daughters and a son remain
  To soothe you with their love.

Grandchildren come with words and deeds,
  Your loving heart to cheer;
For that remains warm, kind, and young,
  Though rolls each fleeting year.

And now for more than eighty years,
  Of spring's sweet flowers and rain,
Of summer's heat and winter's cold,
  And autumn's golden grain,

A Heavenly Hand has led you on,
  Through your life's varied page;
While daughters kind, and grateful son
  Watch your declining age.

May you be spared for many a year
To bless your happy home,
With loving friends, and children dear,
Till the last summons come.

You trust His grace, His word believe;
When fades your setting sun,
May you the plaudit then receive
"Servant, thou hast well done."

THE SEVEN COUSINS

WE style ourselves a group of gems,
By love's pure metal bound.
The centre — is the Diamond bright,
Six loving ones surround.

The Sapphire and the Ruby rare,
Emerald and Amethyst,
With Turquoise and the Pearl,
Have met in loving tryst.

And heart to heart, and hand in hand
We pledge our love sincere;
And nearer, dearer, bind love's band
As rolls each fleeting year.

And may we meet for many a year,
This loving group of seven;
Until the "well done," striven for here,
Shall be assured in Heaven.

And when the Blessed Lord of Hosts
His jewels comes to claim,
Oh may the sentence, "ye are mine"
Be written with each name.

A SOUVENIR OF NEWPORT

AGE, Beauty, Goodness, Joy, and Youth,
Five dames of some renown,
An outing to famed Newport took
To see that sea-girt town.

Thoughtful and busy women they;
They wished a change of scene and air,
To have a restful, joyous day,
And lift their hearts above all care.

No gaudy, showy finery
Their graceful forms bedeck,
But neat and stylish gowns they wore —
With ruching in the neck.

They each a satchel took,
Their wardrobe to complete;
And each a silk umbrella had,
A rainy day to meet.

By iron horse, with smoke and steam,
Their journey they commence;
And pass by lovely vale and stream,
Till they reach Providence.

And here they dine, hear music fine,
Meanwhile a gentle shower;
Then in Bazaar, where curios are,
They spend a brief half hour.

Here Age did make a slight mistake,—
An old umbrella borrowed;
Rain being o'er, she did restore
Ere owner long had sorrowed.

Then on the boat they seat themselves
Enjoying each new sight;
The river flecked with snow-white sails,
And villas left and right.

Oh, what a day! just haze enough
To guard their eager eyes;
Just breeze enough to fan their cheeks,
And warm and cloudless skies.

Calm, dignified, they left the boat,
Took carriage to their Inn,
And showed by every deed and word,
Great travelers they had been.

With best of rooms and table neat,—
They scarcely saw a fly.

With fish and fowl and dainties sweet
Their wants they soon supply.

When stars were glimmering in the sky,
And all was calm and still,
To Truro Park they take a walk
To see the old Stone Mill.

And wonder if Canonicus,
With wind for motive power,
Ground out his grist of hominy
Within that old Round Tower.

Or whether Norsemen, strong and bold,
Had crossed the stormy main;
Dwelt on these shores, and built those walls,
Ere great Columbus came.

The mystery they cannot solve,
"Whatever is, is right."
For centuries yet the mill may stand,
A wonder and delight.

With pleasing chat and stories bright,
A quiet hour they spend;
Then doff their gowns, and close their eyes
To seek tired Nature's friend.

But hark! a sound! a smothered groan
  Comes trembling on the air;
Oh! is it burglars prowling round
  To fill them with despair?

Goodness and Age with gentle words
  Fair Youth and Joy restrain;
Arouse the Beauty with a shake —
  The mystery thus explain.

Then comes an hour or two of sleep;
  But ere the morning light,
Beauty and Joy are roving round
  To fill us with affright.

The breakfast o'er, they take a ride
  Upon the electric car;
And Easton's beach they quickly reach,
  Where bathing houses are.

And here they see the breakers dash
  On Newport's rockbound side;
They watch the daring bathers splash
  With the incoming tide.

Fair, comely women, youthful men,
  With stalwart legs and arms;
And little boys and merry girls,
  Replete with youthful charms,

Delighted sniff the saline air
  And taste the briny sea;
Like mermaids and like porpoises,
  They sport in ecstacy.

When came the fashionable hour,
  They took the "Ten-Mile Ride,"
Past lovely grounds, all bright with flowers,
  Where millionaires reside.

Their "cottages" are palaces,
  With balconies and towers,
Where old Atlantic sends the breeze
  Through warm mid-summer hours.

They had a dream, a wondrous dream,
  In marble halls they slept;
Without the toil, without the care,
  The vision bright they kept.

The Astors and the Vanderbilts
  May hold their treasured gold.
In memory's casket can be locked
  All that the eyes behold.

The nice Cliff walk, and Ochre Point,
  And Bellevue Avenue,
Casino, and the Forty Steps
  Were pleasant to the view.

They see Love Lane, and Fern Leaf Beach,
For Spouting Cave they search,
Find it not far from Lily Pond,
Whose waters swarm with perch.

From Purgatory they kept clear
With its dark, fearful chasm,
For fear if they should venture near,
From fright they'd have a spasm.

Saw Lime Rocks — Ida Lewis' home;
'Mid surf and angry waves,
With her frail skiff she braves the flood
And shipwrecked seamen saves.

We cannot tell of half was seen
In that most charming day;
But they all hope to go again
And make a longer stay.

And here I'll end my simple rhyme
And say — when home returned,
Each dame had gained her money's worth
And much of wisdom learned.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK

CRETE, Mary J., and Julia Gray,
Decked in their very best array,
To have a glimpse of city life
Amid its turmoil and its strife,
To New York streets their way did wend
And with its multitudes did blend;
With well-filled purse and full of hope
That photograph or photoscope
From shadow land could beauty lure,
Give them a charm that would endure.
And then that group of cousins five
Each to look loveliest did strive.
Their hair they brushed, arranged their laces,
Said "prunes and prisms" to smooth their faces.
Susie looked pert, with head erect,
To look the smartest, I suspect.
Julia a profile view displayed,
Which made her seem a lovely maid.
Eliza Cory — sitting-stood,
We called her picture very good;
Of course her picture couldn't look stupid
For she was gazing at a Cupid!
But woe, alas! the other two

Were hard to take,— the artist knew
And practised posing them awhile
Until they had a sickly smile.
Mary leaned forward, eye intent,
As on a lover's visage bent.
While Crete was placed with utmost care
Within two frames to keep her there,
No matter though it ruffled hair.
The deed was done, the proof was seen —
Comment superfluous I ween.
Each of the group was heard to mutter,
"My picture is too utterly utter!"
And then they went to Madison Square
To see the fine acting always found there.
The play "Esmeralda," so lovely and fair;
When they came home they had it by heart,
And in private theatricals each took a part.
Our steps we willingly did wend
And half a day with pleasure spend
At that famed store called Tiffany's,
Where silverware and jewelry
Outvie Aladdin's wealth of old;
Half what we saw cannot be told;
Gems of all kinds, bright, rich, and rare,
To adorn the neck, the arms, the hair.
We did not covet,— no cash to spare.
Each sprightly dame had set her heart
On bric-a-brac, antiques, high art;

Delft, Wedgwood, Dresden, Minturn vases,
Adorned with flowers and beauteous faces;
Old Etruscan relics, black and brown,
From days medieval handed down;
All wonderful works of the potter's wheel,
All that is fashioned from brass or steel.
To see these wonders,— with weary feet
Three rainy days they walked the street.
I pause,— I cannot tell the half
Of the funny things that made us laugh.
How we invested in rare laces
Or styled ourselves three rainy Graces;
In waterproofs, without umbrellas,
Dodging about like silly fellows.
Though we caught colds and suffered pain,
We couldn't stay housed in all that rain.
The Hudson River we passed o'er
To call on friends on Jersey's shore.
The elevated railroad tried
Whene'er we wished a ten-cent ride.
The Sabbath we were glad to spend
With our much-cherished, long-loved friend.
The good man Cory was at home,
Fair Kate, the daughter, and the son;
A welcome warm, good things to eat,
Esthetical and luscious treat.
I think the European plan
Doesn't satisfy the inner man,

Like sitting at a dear friend's table
And eating all that you are able;
At least, I wish it understood
That dinner tasted extra good.
Their home so cheerful was and bright,
That we were loath to say good-night.
But I will stop, I've had my say,
I'll tell the rest another day.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

A LOVING word I wish to say
In greeting on this natal day;
How can my feeble lips express
Best wishes for your happiness?
Shall I of gold wish you a store?
Shall I of years wish many more
And to your eighty add a score,
Like our dear ancestor of yore?
This wish I give — that every day
Will bring a blessing on your way.
Though silver threads your brow adorn,
With love's sweet grace your heart is warm;
And roseate glow on lip and cheek,
And gentle words whene'er you speak,
Show that your heart is kind and right,
To us a comfort and delight.
Your step is light, as full of grace
As any maiden's in the place.
And we all know, with pen and tongue
Though old in years, you're eighty young.

Let us look backward seventy years,
See how the prospect then appears;

A laughing, happy, little girl,
With eyes like stars, and teeth like pearl,
And Grandma Prince did then decree
"The Family's Flower," this child would be.
She grew in beauty and in grace,
And nobly filled a daughter's place,
Until the proper time had come
To cheer and bless another home.
One of the noblest men on earth
Claimed her as wife, he knew her worth;
Here she looked well to household ways,
Like busy bee she filled her days.
Daughters and sons her worth confessed,
In blessing others, she was blest.
Our warmest love we give to her,
O'erflowing hearts the token,
Now ere "the silver cord is loosed
Or golden bowl is broken."

MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

1824 September 17, 1904

EIGHTY years, kind friends, to-day
Eighty years have passed away,
Since I, a helpless little babe,
On a fond mother's arm was laid,
In this dear home, where smiles and tears
Have marked the flight of eighty years.

For eighty years the house had stood
Guarded from peril, fire, and flood.
The voice of prayer and song of praise
Hath hallowed it through all those days;
And children's children now can claim
The blessings promised in His name.

Eight score years of spring's sweet flowers,
Summer's warmth and genial showers,
Of autumn's fruit and golden grain,
And winter's joys an endless train, —
These blessings all were given here —
Wonder not this home is dear.

Lucretia H. (Pope) Upham

What visions bright my eyes behold;
Love, grace, and mercy manifold.
Through youth's bright days and riper years,
Sustaining faith allayed all fears.
The loved ones gone — to them was given
Abundant entrance into Heaven.

THE ANCIENT MAID

A PARODY

HER diamonds on her breast she laid,
She was more plain than words can say,
In satin robes this ancient maid
Did deck herself her wedding day.
With stately step the groom came down
To meet the bride as she came in;
"Oh, what a match!" said all the girls,
"Why, she is uglier than sin!"

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,"
So shone her wealth beneath her veil.
One said, "what freckles!" one, "what eyes!
What yellow hair! and lips so pale!"
Of untold wealth she was the heir,
Her lands extended far and wide;
The youth he swore an awful swear,
"This Ancient Maid shall be my bride."

ICE CREAM

THE shades of night were falling fast
As through our pleasant village passed
A youth who bore through slush and ice,
A tin pail with this queer device —
Ice cream.

This youth was dressed with greatest care,
Had smoothly brushed his yellow hair;
His boots had on a splendid shine,
For he was bound to have a time —
With that ice cream.

He met a watchman on his round,
Who said "Beware! or you'll slip down."
The youth looked up with angry gleam
And said, "I run this ere machine,
If I fall down, why then
I scream."

In yonder house he saw a light,
And at the window faces bright;
That very morn he did invite
A troop of girls to meet that night,
To eat ice cream.

They watched his coming with delight,
But ah! they saw heart-rending sight;
His feet went this way,— then went that,
Off went his shiny, brand new hat;
Their voices shouted in affright
"Save that ice cream!"

He slipped against a tall lamp post,
And then he vanished like a ghost;
But he was heard in rage to mutter,
As rolled the cream a-down the gutter,
"I'll feed those girls on bread and butter —
And not ice cream!"

PARODY ON BROWNING'S "SUMMUM BONUM"

ALL the pain and the smart of one day from the sting of one bee;
All the sorrows and sobs of the brave little heart from one burn;
From one pearly tooth, unrest and moans like the sea;
Pain and smart; sorrow, sobs; unrest, moans;
and — how potent to conquer them —
Will, to endure pain,—
Patience, to bear sorrow,—
Unflinching will, a martyr's patience — all bravely borne
By a dear, little girl.

WITH A BARREL OF APPLES

"IN Adam's fall we sinned all,"
By apples he was tempted,
Through hand of Eve, and though we grieve,
We're not from sin exempted.
Eve stole the fruit, and told a lie,
Said, "Eat, 'tis good, you shall not die."
Yes, stole the fruit, and gave to him;
He ate it knowing it was sin.
And then he tried to save his life
By laying blame upon his wife.
I've always heard that like a bullet,
That apple stuck in Adam's gullet.

The apple is a luscious fruit,
And Adam's palate well might suit.
But yet the Bible does not state
It was an *apple* that he ate;—
It might have been an orange sweet,
Fig, or pomegranate, they did eat.
At any rate, don't have a strife
About the question with your wife.
A naughty thing we know was done,
And guilt descends from sire to son;

And mother Eve has made us feel
The punishment from head to heel.

The apples that I send to-day,
No rosy tempting hues display.
Greenings are green, but for a pie,
Or baked, or stewed, they will outvie
Those large and fair and sweet within.
Don't judge the apple by the skin,
They are like people, sour and crabbed;
Give pleasant words, let sweet be added,
You change the nature in a trice
To something that is very nice;
And find, as Solomon did of old,
"In pictures of silver," "apples of gold."

My Christmas greetings I extend,
Accept the barrel full I send.
I could not give you clothes to wear;
You do not need another chair;
And as for books your shelves to grace,
You cannot find an inch of space.
I never had the skill or knack
To purchase choice old bric-a-brac,
For me to buy it would seem funny,—
Besides it costs a mint of money.
I wish some pleasant words to mingle
With your nice gifts from good Kriss Kringle.

MISS CHOW-CHOW

I'M in a pickle — or a stew —
Just puzzling what to send to you,
That will be recherché and new.

Yours is not one of those sad cases
That need a lot of bows and laces
To help enhance your many graces.

For you can talk and sing and play,
And have a very taking way
Your wit and wisdom to display.

"Sweets to the sweet," Will Shakespeare said;
But then, alas! that maid was dead,—
Just then was being buri-ed.

And too much sweet gives no delight,
Or helps increase the appetite;
A little acid makes it right.

Just as a joke, to show you how
When puzzled I can make a bow,
I send, with greetings, Miss Chow-Chow.

Her other name is Piccalilli,
And you can eat her, willy, nilly;
Don't criticize and call me silly.

POLLY'S LETTER

THESE lines I send to dear papa,
Who is away from me so far,—
From Polly and her sweet mamma.

I'm visiting a house so old,
That summer's heat and winter's cold,
For eight score years have o'er it rolled.

Where grandma's grandma used to dwell,
And lots of stories they can tell
About the place they love so well.

Where you came when a little lad,
With whooping cough, that was so bad
It made Aunt Crete and Uncle sad.

I think I've growed a pound or two
And say hard words, like "coo," and "goo";
Am trying to grow bald,— like you.

Mamma is very good indeed,—
But has a book from which to read
How often she may baby feed!

The Old Fireplace

But, though my thumb is very sweet,
And sucking it is quite a treat,
Some other food I'd rather eat.

And auntie says that I may cry,—
All babies that performance try,
It gives expression to the eye.

For when I very badly feel,
To mamma's heart it may appeal,
If down my cheek a tear-drop steal.

They say that I am very jolly.
Will you buy me a sugar dolly?
I am your loving daughter Polly.

P.S. Who is it loves my little nose,
And says I have such pinky toes,
And I am sweeter than a rose?
Auntie.

Who says my eyes are bright and blue
As the blue heaven when stars peep through,
Fair as the pearly drops of dew?
Auntie.

Who is it gives such strict commands,
"Polly shall have what she demands!"
And loves head, feet and little hands?
Auntie.

I'm the bestest girl she ever knew,
And goodest good, and sweetest, too,
She says,— you may believe it true,
My auntie.

MY GARDEN

I SING my garden's glory;
It is a plàce so dear,
I could not give it up,
Without a heartfelt tear.

A thousand precious memories
In all I hear and see;
The dear ones it has gladdened
Are messengers to me.

It is the same old garden plot,
And has the same bright skies;
Though nearly all those loved ones
Now dwell in Paradise.

But yet the fragrance of their lives,
Still lingers in the place;

And still the labors of their hands,
  Give it an added grace.

Come to the garden, friends,
  It is a hallowed spot;
Rest in this vine-clad arbor,
  Near this forget-me-not.

Forget-me-not? each cherished plant
  With memory I entwine;
They bring before my heart again
  The friends of Auld Lang Syne.

And friends of later days and years,
  Present themselves in order;
With root or shrub to bear their name,
  Within my "Cousin's Border."

There is the purple lilac,
  With blossoms loaded down,
Which grandma brought on horse-back
  From famous Newton town.

And as it grew and multiplied,
  To every homestead near
She sent a bush of this rare plant,
  Her neighbor's heart to cheer.

I have the sweet syringa,
And hollyhock so tall;
Hydrangea and the spirea,
The phlox and huge snowball.

I have a bush of southernwood,
I have both mint and balm,
And wormwood grandma thought so nice
For wounded foot or arm.

I've lavender and bergamot,
And good old ladies smile
To see my dill and fennel stalks,
And bed of chamomile.

I have a bed of tulips,
White, yellow, striped and red;
Near by, the crown imperial
Holds up its stately head.

Corn-flowers and golden marigolds,
Poppies and mignonette,
Alyssum sweet, chrysanthemums,
Asters and bouncing-bet.

My pride, my nice, sweet William,—
I prize it for the name;

And Prince's feather nods its plume
With tritoma's fiery flame.

There is the wide pink border;
And some may think me silly,
I still will keep for old days' sake
The gorgeous tiger lily.

Another lily sweet and white,
A small and yellow lily,
An Easter lily, my delight,
And lily of the valley.

While morning-glories, pink and blue,
Salute the early dawn,
The sunflower lifts its golden head
To welcome first the morn.

The trumpet flower and mountain fringe
Among the lattice twine;
While clematis and woodbine
With climbing rose combine.

And yet this bower of beauty
Not quite complete would be,
Without its dark-eyed pansies,
And lovely June sweet pea.

I've flowering quince and almond,
And peonies rich and rare;
The queen of flowers, my roses,
What regal charms they wear!

Some are perpetual bloomers,
With many a modern name,
But yellow, moss, and blush and white,
A wealth of beauty claim.

I sing my garden's glory,
My love can never fail;
But every sweet has bitter,
There comes a doleful wail.

It is continual battle
Against aphis, worm, and slug;
There's not a rose without a thorn,
Or plant without a bug.

I've tried to be the early bird,
And catch the vicious worm,
I find that he has cut the plant,
And I am left to squirm.

I sulphur give and hellebore;
When vanquished quite, I hope,

I find they always come again
For dose of whale oil soap.

And thus the conflict rages;
Sometimes unequal fight;
In vigilance is safety,
Might is not always right.

The rain descends alike on all,
The evil and the good,
All nature has appointed way
To seek for daily food.

Shall I begrudge the bee and bug
Of their God-given share?
I'll thankful take my generous part,
And love Him for His care.

I sing my garden's glory,
And for bug and bird and bee,
There is many a drop of honey,
There is sweetness flowing free.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

ONE by one the standard bearers
Faint and falter by the way;
Who for them shall chant a requiem?
Who shall sing the plaintive lay?
The laurel wreath we fain would twine,
And lay it on our Poet's shrine.

What tongue can speak our Bryant's praises?
What pen extol the noble dead?
Let "Evening Winds" and Autumn flowers
A lasting fragrance o'er him shed.
His words in loving hearts will ring
While flowers shall bloom, or birds shall sing.

The "Rivulet" that gently glides
Through "Autumn Woods" so brown and sere,—
They who life's "Battle Field" have tried
With arm of faith and felt no fear,
Shall echo in a sweet refrain
The praises of our poet's name.

And think not that the heart attuned
To such rich notes of cadence here,

Has passed from earth to rest in gloom;
No, rather in a higher sphere
With the victorious heavenly throng,
He joins in a triumphant song.

Gone where bloom the flowers immortal,
Where angel guards around him wait;
Christ hath opened wide the portal,
No more "Waiting by the Gate."
No "Thoughts of Death," no fading flowers,
But bliss supreme in heavenly bowers.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE

A Tribute to Charles Sumner

A STAR looked down with a golden ray,
Through a latticed window where hidden lay
In its little bed a beautiful babe,
And on brow and lip its kisses laid;
Then as a cloud hid the child from view,
To another scene the starlight flew.

What think ye it saw? an eager youth
Searching the book of wisdom and truth;
And it stamped his brow with a noble thought,
That gold or silver ne'er could have bought;
It lent to the page a magical gleam,
Then turned its gaze on another scene.

Those seedtime days have quickly flown,
The youth to manhood now has grown;
And now we see his great delight,
Wrong to redress, uphold the right;
In every good and noble cause,
His country honors and her laws.

Among the councils of the land
We see him foremost to command;
In him, the living, active, real,
Fulfilled his country's grand ideal;
And in the annals of her fame
Forever blended, stands his name.

The Star is hidden by a cloud,
Our hearts are crushed, our heads are bowed;
His country mourns, a nation weeps,
The pure and noble Sumner sleeps.
But the Star seems to say, his work was well done;
The battle is fought, the victory won.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THROUGH all the land on this centennial day,
The name of Lincoln holds a potent sway;
We gladly meet his praises to proclaim
And add our tribute to his honored name.

We'll not forget that soldiers, true and tried,
In danger's hour stood bravely by his side;—
A mighty host from Maine to Oregon
For Father Abraham came marching on,

Until with his great heart he made decree,
Now and henceforward shall the slave be free!
And Slavery's curse that bound both hand and brain
Gave place to Freedom and her noble train.

Land of our pride! The record of thy age
Has many noble names upon its page;—
Warriors, whose praise resounds in days of peace;
Statesmen, whose laws and wisdom cannot cease.

Yet still above them higher — higher far,
We place our Lincoln as our guiding star;
And in all deeds of glory or of pen
He holds the hearts of all his countrymen.

TO RICHARD SUGDEN

Donor of Spencer Public Library

August 15, 1889

FRIEND of our town — to thee to-day
Our hearts a grateful tribute pay;
We cannot mete with tongue or pen,
Full measure unto you again.

The Book of books that will endure
While time shall last, hath promise sure,
The liberal soul, the generous hand,
Among the wise and good shall stand.

Earth's wisest king, in days of old,
Chose wisdom's ways instead of gold;
Rubies and pearls could not compare
With Truth's bright armor rich and fair.

Those words of wisdom were the seed
Of golden thought and noble deed.
Like ocean billows far and wide
Flow learning's waves, a living tide.

We wonder not those sages hoary —
Whose deeds we learn by song and story,
With their huge parchments, roll on roll,
Valued like gold the written scroll.

"Of making books there is no end,"
Those garnered thoughts to us descend;
Without a weariness of flesh,
We have the old, the new, and fresh.

The pen is mightier than the sword,
Time's cycles bear the written word;
And noble deeds a glory cast,
Which will endure while time shall last.

The gift that we receive to-day,
Like beacon light shall guide our way;
With love and honor we will crown
The generous donor to our town.

THE CORNER STONE*

LORD of all wisdom and all grace,
On this auspicious day,
Upon our town, our schools, our homes,
Thy blessing grant, we pray.

Protect our youth from every snare
That lures them from the right;
Give them the will and strength to dare
Against all wrong to fight.

Four corner stones before them place,—
Strong, firm, without a flaw,—
Religion, learning, nobly grace
Our liberty and law.

Oh! may these walls long years endure
And ever teach our youth,
A firm foundation to secure,
The rock must be God's truth.

*Written for the laying of the Corner Stone of the David Prouty High School, Sept. 1, 1888.

DEDICATION OF THE DAVID PROUTY HIGH SCHOOL

September 6, 1889

LET youth and age, in one accord,
With joyful heart now raise
To the All-wise, the Triune Lord,
A song of grateful praise.

For truth and justice holding sway,
From error give surcease;
And wisdom's ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

We dedicate these walls to-day
To wisdom, truth, and grace;
May science, art, ennobling thought,
Find here abiding place.

And may the truths that here are taught
From nature's varied page,
Be wells of science, richly wrought
By patriot, bard, and sage.

As time rolls on, may Spencer's sons,
  Wise, loyal, brave be found;
Her daughters polished corner stones,
  With grace and beauty crowned.

Our noble townsman, for his gift,
  Our gratitude may claim,
And future generations bless
  The generous donor's name.

DEDICATORY HYMN*

AMID old Spencer's hills so grand,
Which through the years eternal stand,
Where woods and plains and rippling rills,
Kind nature with all beauty fills,
Here in a humble, vine-clad cot
Three sons were born to bless the spot;
Three master minds, whose wondrous gift
The burdens of mankind doth lift.

How many toiling hands now share
The blessing which has lightened care;
How many weary bodies rest
By nature's sweet restorer blest;
The hurrying traveler need not shrink
Nor tarry by the river's brink,
The bridge in safety bears him o'er
The raging flood from shore to shore.

With glory crown the name of Howe,
Whose gifted sons we honor now,
As here a granite shaft we raise

*Sung at unveiling of the Howe Monument, Spencer, Mass., May 19, 1902.

And joy these famous three to praise.
From north to south, from east to west,
The labor of their hands is blest;
And grateful hearts their genius tell
In every land where man doth dwell.

1861 — MEMORIAL DAY — 1911

UNFURL the flag! and let it wave
In memory of the soldiers brave,
Who gave their lives for Freedon's cause,
Their country honored and her laws.

Unfurl the flag! red, white, and blue,
Give to the heroes all praise due;
No cypress wreath or muffled drum,
But laurel crowns for victories won.

Our eagle, with his piercing eye,
No slave in this fair land can spy;
Peace, law, and liberty shall stand
As bulwarks to protect our land.

Unfurl the flag! and raise it high;
"E pluribus unum!" is the cry;
Not one star dim or lost to view;
Columbia's sons are ever true.

From north to south the song shall be,
Land of the brave, home of the free;
From the Atlantic's rock-bound strand
To the Pacific's golden sand.

LINES TO M. H.

YOU ask why light my way attends?
How could I call it dark
When I have health and home and friends,
All that can cheer the heart?

'Tis true,— the clouds do sometimes rise,
And falls the cold dark rain;
But brighter after seem the skies,
The sunshine is the same.

Or think ye labor e'er could make
The world look dark to me?
No, while I've health to earn my bread,
My crust will sweeter be.

Sometimes if those we think our friends,
Our enemies should prove,
We do not lose our sunshine then,—
Theirs could not be true love.

But when true friends, more near and dear,
Are taken from our sight,

We seem to lose our sunshine here,
  But theirs is fairer light.

A glorious day, more pure and bright,
  Which God to them has given;
Though here our sunshine ends in night,
  'Tis always light in Heaven.

TO A FRIEND WHO NEVER PRAYED

WHAT! never asked thy Father's blessing?
Never thanked Him for His care?
When to Him thy voice unceasing
Should ascend in praise and prayer?

Who hath given time and talents,
Who hath given friends and home,
But the Father of all mercy?
Oh, then, bow before His throne.

Dost thou need a heavenly blessing?
Ask, thy Father freely gives.
Dost thou wish for life eternal?
Ask of Him who ever lives.

Ask, with confidence relying
On His promises divine;
Ask — but add to thy petition,
Not my will, O God, but Thine.

But pray to Him in doubt and trial,
Pray to Him though foes assail;
Pray, and thou shalt find by striving,
Thou canst over sin prevail.

Then praise Him for the life that's given,
Praise Him here, and you above
Can join with saints the song of heaven,
And sing aloud redeeming love.

MY HUSBAND'S PORTRAIT

A PRECIOUS shadow meets my eyes,
Thanks to that wondrous art,
That to my longing sight replies
And comfort can impart.

Although the loved is lost to sight,
No more in earthly form appears,
Within our hearts a memory bright
Forever lives, undimmed by tears.

We look upon that pictured face,
That wore for us a loving smile;
In every lineament we trace
The kindly heart devoid of guile.

Thy life, dear heart, could bear the light
Of the world's gaze, no shame to hide;
For thy pure eye reflected bright,
The love and wisdom of thy Guide.

O may thy mantle on us fall,
And may we walk in wisdom's way;

That when we hear the trumpet call
To meet the light of that bright day,

Trusting in Him who for us bore
The crown of thorns, the wounded side,
We shall awake, our longings o'er,
Be in His likeness satisfied.

Now darkly, as through glass we gaze;
Our faith is weak, our strength is small;
O Sun of Righteousness! Thy rays
Must warm our hearts to heed Thy call.

And when aside is drawn the veil,
And all God's dealings plainly shown;
Then shall we see as we are seen,
Then shall we know as we are known.

HERE AND THERE

OUR loved ones pass away,
They are hidden from our sight;
Darkness succeeds the day,
But dawning follows night.

And could we now behold
The glory that they share,
The harpers manifold,
The crowns the ransomed wear,

Our eyes would not be dim
With sorrow's blinding tears;
Sweet calm — with "Peace, be still,"
Would banish all our fears.

We know our loving Lord
Has heavenly mansions fair,
That all the pure in heart
Are gathered to Him there.

But till that happy time,
There's warfare, toil, and strife;

The "faithful unto death"
Receive "the crown of life."

We know the Living God,
With us on earth abides;
That for His waiting souls,
His loving care provides.

His vineyard must be pruned,
His harvest fields are white,
There's work that must be done
Ere we have fought the fight.

Then do not idly wait,
For here is not our rest;
Strive — that ye enter through the gate,
And be forever blest.

WITHIN THE GATES

WITHIN the gates how bright and fair!
Sickness nor pain can enter there;
The earthly mantle cast aside
While passing o'er the swelling tide;
Thus have our loved ones gone to rest
Within the gates supremely blest.

Within the gates, a holy band,
The loved and ransomed waiting stand;
To welcome to the heavenly home
The friends on earth, who, one by one,
Are borne unto the other side
And find the portals opened wide.

Within the gates no death nor night,
For Christ the Lord is Life and Light.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys the Father hath prepared
For those who, conquerors in the strife,
Receive the promised crown of life.

WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED

WHAT changes come in one short year,
What plans are crushed, what hopes are fled;
The voice of one we held so dear
Is hushed forever, he is dead.

And did I say that he was dead?
Yes, dead to sin, and want, and care;
All human woes forever fled,
To live with Christ, His glory share.

We dare not wish him back again
To toil, and strive, and burdens bear,
To sorrow know, and lingering pain,
For he hath rest and refuge there.

There in that land of glory bright,
His Saviour's presence to behold,
To see the Lord of life and light,
Be with the Shepherd in His fold.

Oh blessed home! oh mansions fair!
Where our beloved have glorious rest,

Our risen Saviour doth prepare
A place where His redeemed are blest.

His own a crown of life shall wear,
When they shall reach that blissful shore;
His name upon their foreheads bear,
Fullness of joy forevermore.

MY GOD, MY KING

DEAR Lord, my God, my King,
Help me my heart to bring
And give it all to Thee;
And may I ever prove
That I have felt Thy love,—
Thou, who didst die for me.

Increase this feeble faith;
And all Thy gospel saith,
Make clear, I pray;
That all my sin and grief,
My doubt and unbelief,
May melt away.

I know Thy listening ear
My feeble prayer will hear,
And guide me home.
Oh may the Spirit's power
Revive me from this hour;
Dear Lord, I come.

HELP IN SORROW

WHEN the dark waves of sorrow
Are more than you can bear,
Go to the Elder Brother
With all your woe and care,
And then the aching heart
Can know the power of prayer.

'Tis then our earthly friends
Can truly comfort give,
They plead for strength and patience,
They ask, and you receive;
If with faith and sweet submission
His promise you believe.

But though the prayers of others
Are like incense freely poured,
Your own must not be wanting,
Your voice must still be heard;
And a gracious, loving answer
Will be given by the Lord.

Shall I not bear my sorrow
When all this help is given?

And see the silver lining
  Within the dark cloud riven,
And pray that it may lead me
  Along the path to Heaven?

My Jesus, I will trust Thee,
  Though woe or weal betide,
For me was borne the crown of thorns,
  The wounded hands and side;
And in Thy great heart of love,
  Dear Lord, let me abide.

TAKE YE AWAY THE STONE*

John xi: 39

THE Master gives command,
Take ye away the stone.
Do I obey Thy word?
What stone, Almighty Lord?
Indifference to my truth is shown,
An unbelieving heart you own;
My blood was shed to make you free
From sin and guilt, oh come to Me.

The Master still commands,
Take ye away the stone.
Can I obey Thy word?
What stone, my Gracious Lord?
All vanity and sinful pride
That turn your fickle heart aside;
Oh keep it warm with love for Me,
And you shall here My presence see.

The Master yet commands,
Take ye away the stone.
Must I obey Thy word?

*Sermon by Rev. E. Blakeslee, Nov. 11, 1888.

What stone, my generous Lord?
All selfishness and grasping greed;
Believe and trust, and what you need
My loving care will sure provide,
If you but in my Grace confide.

The Master still commands,
Take ye away the stone.
Give grace to heed Thy word.
What stone, my loving Lord?
All malice, envy, and all hate,
With all their bitter, deadly weight
Of woe and sin to bar the road
And keep the heart away from God.

The Master yet commands,
Take ye away the stone.
What stone, dear Saviour, Lord?
Help me obey Thy word.
All sloth, neglect and weak delay,
That lead your heart and soul astray,
Remove these stones and you shall know
A holy joy is found below.

LORD, OPEN THOU MINE EYES

LORD JESUS, open Thou mine eyes,
Draw them from things below,
Up to the hills, beyond the skies
Whence sacred blessings flow.

Teach me to truly know myself,
Give grace Thyself to see,
Show richer far than worldly wealth,
Are faith and trust in Thee.

Let no uncertain, tempting, sound
E'er lead my feet astray.
A pilgrim weak to Zion bound,
For daily help I pray.

My sight is dim, I cannot see
The chariots on the mount;
The waiting host with help for me,
Dear Lord, I cannot count.

Yet still I know that strength is there,
An armor sure and tried,
Our Saviour promised we might wear
If we in Him abide.

We must contend against a host
  Of sins, and carking care;
Like faithful soldiers we must stand;
  Our watchwords, faith and prayer.

There is a vision wondrous bright,
  Dispels all doubt and grief;
We cry, oh quicken Thou my sight,
  Lord, help my unbelief.

My help then cometh from my Lord,
  A rock was cleft for me,
And all the promise of His word
  With opened eyes I see.